

INDIAN LUCY IS MRS MILLIONAIRE HITE

*The Extraordinary
Case of the
Red Woman
Whom the Courts
declare the real
Wife of the rich
pale face.
Making the White
Bride no Wife at all*



*The Pathetic
Romance of the
faithful Indian
who has Patiently
fought for her rights
for years and now
is awarded a Wife's
share of Hite's many
Millions.*

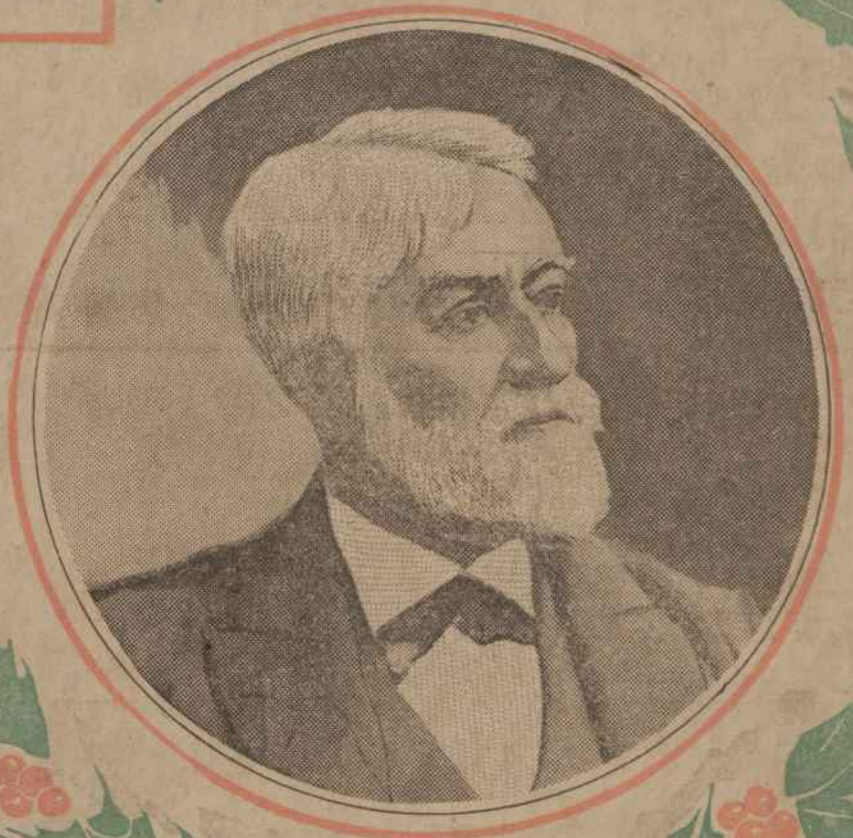


*Cecilia Nougues
the White Bride*

*Lucy
the real
Mrs
JR Hite*

*American
Magazine*

*Supplement to the
New York Journal
and advertiser.
Dec. 10, 1899*



Mr John R Hite

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The Judge's Decision.

THE marriage, to my mind, is established from the evidence.

Until he became infatuated with Cecilia Nougues he recognized his obligations to the plaintiff, and this was the first time that he made himself believe that the plaintiff had no further claims on him, or for support, after having recognized and acknowledged her to many people, some of whom have testified her, as his wife, for a period of twenty-five years.

It would be against good conscience, good morals and against the interests of society for the Court to fail to recognize the obligations the testimony shows he assumed for that long period.

John R. Hite, the defendant, should be held to provide a support for the plaintiff. Defendant Hite, though in the vigor of manhood when he first began to live with the plaintiff, is now an old man; the plaintiff, her hair almost white with age, without means to sustain and prosecute her action. And as it appears she is without means of support, means should be provided as suit money in this case in the sum of \$4,000. And for her support and maintenance the sum of \$50 per month during the pendency of this action.

The plaintiff is entitled to a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant.

Yet the millionaire married secretly one of his own race in San Francisco two years ago—married her, while in Mariposa County, a gray-haired, red-skinned woman, bowed with years spent in serving him as wife, waited for him to come back to her.

She would have been waiting for him now with faith born of ignorance had not some one told her that in San Francisco there was another—a beautiful paleface—who had stepped into her rights. Then it was that she gathered her blanket about her and came down from Indian Peak Ranch to claim recognition as the lawful Mrs. Hite, and she has won it.

Her husband, the millionaire white man, was unfaithful. She has placed upon him the brand of bigamist.

She has stamped the white woman who became his wife two years ago with the most terrible mark that can be stamped upon a woman.

The red woman has appealed to the white man's laws and found justice because of them. It is the strangest story that ever grew out of the conquest of the Indians by the palefaces.

Thirty years ago Lucy, the Indian girl, was a beauty, radiant with the shadowy duskiness of her tribe.

Day by day she heard her eyes likened to the tints of midnight that were familiar to the dwellers in the open air. She knew of coral that it was of red similar to her lips. A wild rose was held to match her cheeks. The texture of satin was explained by an American who compared it to her wealth of hair. Her life, wild, free, glorious as the long, fair days, had in it plenty of admiration and plenty of excitement.

With her sister Maresa, which is Indian for Mary, with her father and her brothers, she wandered through the mountains of the Sierras, hunting, fishing, cooking. The white man was familiar to her and pleasing. She met him constantly hunting gold wherewith to earn money. He paid her many compliments and made her of much account among the red men of her own tribe, whom in time she rather looked upon with contempt.

From Maresa, who was some years her senior, she learned that the white man had many laws that were good for his "women folks."

She learned with quickened pulse and beating heart that his squaw was treated as an equal, never beaten, never bidden to work unless she desired. She heard how in the towns the white man dressed his squaw in satins and plenty of beads, how she had soft feathers

to lie upon and walls thicker than any tent, where the rain never came through.

She heard how the white man's laws made him always good and faithful to the woman he loved, how he would fight for her, work for her and never desert her unless she was very wicked.

Maresa made her understand as she had learned it herself, from white men and women of the mining towns, that the civilized man's wife was his greatest pride.

He may only have one, the elder sister explained, therefore she is everything to him.

It is easy to imagine then to what flights the ambition of these two maidens soared. Together they dreamed of a time when, among the many white-skinned explorers who were constantly finding their way into the forests, two would come golden-haired, fair-skinned, soft-voiced and offer to them a biding place among the white squaw.

They told their dream only to each other until at last one day they confided it to him who was to make it true.

All this happened when the depths of California still held forth the promise of gold. The spirit of adventure spread from north to south. It caught in its wave the youth of Virginia. Exploring parties were made up from all sorts and conditions of its people. The flower of its aristocracy went to try their fortunes with those of the lower classes.

To just what set young John Hite belonged cannot here be put down, for he himself has not given many data with regard to his family before he came into the Sierras.

While the two dusky Indian maidens dreamed of happiness from mating with the white man, John Hite, one of the young Virginians, with a party of daring and enthusiastic companions penetrated from canyon to canyon along the trail of the great Sierras.

With youth in their limbs and ambition in their hearts the climb was as easy as the flight of a bird. Nothing intimidated them. The wilder the country the lighter was the note they sang. Out into the free air they caroled the tune that was to bear them to glory.

"Mighty is the power of gold," they sang persistently, while about them in great drifts gathered and grew piles upon piles of snow. At first they rejoiced in its grandeur. They pelted each other with it like school boys. They used it for water. They sweetened it for

Lucy the Indian's Own Story.

YES, I am glad the long talk is over. I, John Hite's wife, he know, I know, everybody in Hite's Cove and Mariposa know we live together, lawyer man say twenty-five years. Indians no count the years, but when John Hite take me to be his wife I was young woman and his hair not white. Why take so long for Judge man to know what everybody know? But where John Hite? Why he no come? He my husband, so Judge man say, maybe now he come back. Ranch same as when he went away. I wait so long for him. When he go way he say he come back. Every day for long, long time I go to hill where I see the trail for long way, and look and look, but he no come, and when sun go down I go back to house and put lamp where he see. But he no come. Maybe he come now.

I don't know how much money John Hite got, but he rich man. He not rich when I went to be his wife. We live in cabin and eat beans and bacon, sometimes no coffee, no sugar. Then we work hard, he got rich. I know what he got, lawyer man say what it worth. He got lots of houses in San Francisco and Alameda, big ranches in Mariposa and Fresno, and what you call New Mexico. There he got Hite's mine. He just begin to work mine when I go to be his wife. Plenty gold come from that mine.

Long, long time ago, when he strong and straight, we have papoose, but it die. He say to Judge man he forgot. Indians no forget that way.

Suddenly, in all the interest of their hunt for gold they became aware that they were in the midst of a Sierra blizzard. The snow no longer fell straight from a threatening sky. It floated in eddies.

It was carried about them in whirlwinds. It moved not in one direction downward from the heavens about, but in a thousand. East, west, north, south, it was impossible to calculate its direction. The young men exploring for gold were carried along without

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